

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9, 1886.

PRICE THREE CENTS

RIOTS!

Devastate the City of Delfast.

Hundreds are Wounded and the Dead are Secretly Buried—Troops Arriving.

The Pope is Not Dangerously Ill and the Vatican Dignitaries Are Not Alarmed.

MORE BLOOD SHED.

The Belfast Riot Breaks Out Afresh.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—A Belfast dispatch to the Times says: "At least a dozen persons were killed in Sunday's riots. Shot throwing in some instances was so heavy that the soldiers were forced to clear the streets by charging bayonets, the riot act having been previously read. It is reported there is scarcely a house on the Lankhill road, lacking injured rioters. The mob having charged the police with drunkenness, Inspector Reed paraded the streets at the risk of his life, and satisfied himself of their sobriety."

BELFAST, (noon) Aug. 9.—The attempts to stop rioting have been unsuccessful and the violence of the mob increasing. Thirty rioters have been wounded. The police keep up a merciless fire upon the mob.

BELFAST, Aug. 8.—The city, owing to the wreck of houses, presents a deplorable aspect and its appearance is similar to that of Paris after the commune. It is feared that numerous deaths resulting from the riots have taken place which were never heard of. The hospitals are crowded with persons in need of attendance. The painful feature of the riots is a number of children wounded. Train loads of troops are constantly arriving.

BIG FAILURE.

Edwin Alden, the Advertiser, Goes Under.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 9.—Edwin Alden & Bro., newspaper advertising agents, with a branch in New York, made an assignment to-day to A. M. Warner. The nominal liabilities are about \$192,000; nominal assets, \$272,900. These consist of contracts for advertising. The firm has been of long standing and has carried on a very extensive business. No loss estimate can be made as to the real assets and liabilities, owing to the uncertain nature of the outstanding accounts.

New York News.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—Two coopers, Wm. Potts and Geo. Hazlett's navigated Niagara's whirlpool rapids Sunday in a barrel-shaped boat. The feat was accomplished in the presence of 15,000 people. A landing was made at Queenstown, Canada, five miles from the starting place, the Maid of the Mist's dock. The voyage occupied fifty-five minutes.

Michael Davitt arrived in New York Sunday on the Germanic. The Irish agitator was accompanied by James Burke, business partner of Patrick Egan. Mr. Davitt will be present at the Chicago convention, and his stay in this country will cover several months.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached at Monona Lake, Wis., assembly Sunday to 5,000 people. In the afternoon two Sunday school meetings were held and the day closed with a song service.

Opposed to Societies.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Aug. 9.—Bishop McQuade attacked the Irish Republican Brotherhood and kindred societies in his sermon yesterday. The societies referred to were known as branches of the Fenian organization under various names, such as Clan na Gael, and others, all affiliated with the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

Death of a Base Ball Player.

TORONTO, Aug. 9.—William Smith, the base ball player, who was injured while bathing yesterday, died at the hospital this morning. His remains will probably be taken to his home at Cleveland for interment.

The Cincinnati Postmaster Appointed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—The president has appointed John C. Riley, postmaster at Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE LEADERS.

Spies and Schwab on the Witness Stand.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—August Spies and Michael Schwab were both on the witness stand to-day. Schwab recounted his movements of the night of May 4th and said he did not see Spies at all during the riot or at any time during the night. He tried to find Spies to get him to speak at Deering's.

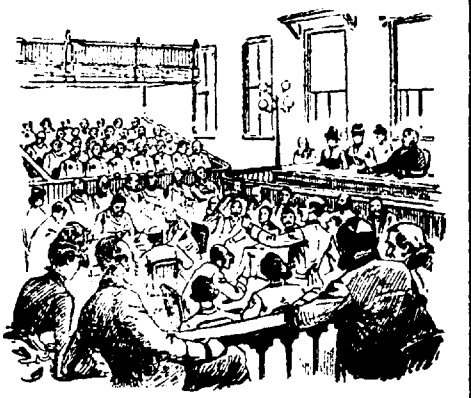
Spies, in his examination, made what the prosecution claim is a fatal admission, fully corroborating their claim that the armed section had a secret caucus and had prepared for the attack on the police. Spies said he wrote the word "Ruhe" which appeared in the Arbeiter Zeitung, May 4th. This was the signal for anarchists to arm.

At a meeting of the Central Labor union of Chicago it was stated that nearly \$14,000 had been raised for the defense of the anarchists, \$1,000 of the amount coming from Poland.

SCENES IN THE COURT ROOM.

One of the most remarkable trials that ever engaged the attention of any court in this country is undoubtedly that of the eight anarchists of Chicago, who are on trial for their lives, the act with which they are charged being the murder of police officer Matthias J. Deagan, who was one of those killed by the explosion of the dynamite bomb. August Spies, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Chris Spies, C. R. Parsons, George Engel, Adolph Fischer and Louis Lingg are the accused.

The attack on the police occurred, it will be remembered, on the evening of May 4th. While the first shock of the affair lasted it was thought that it would be next to impossible to obtain evidence to convict members of such a secret oath-bound society. But as the trial progressed the prosecution has heaped surprise upon surprise in the way of evidence, showing in a startling way that the explosion of the bomb in the old Haymarket square was but the first move in a carefully planned and long organized purpose of annihilating the police and fire department of the city of Chicago, when the city would be given over to pillage and a repetition of the scenes in Paris during the reign of the commune.



SCENE IN THE COURT ROOM.

To secure a jury, 982 citizens were examined before the twelve was selected. The first sensational event of the trial was the testimony of Gottfried Wallers, an Anarchist, who, turning state's evidence, swore that he had belonged to an armed body of Anarchists, and who detailed in detail the preparations that had been made by the leaders (the defendants on trial for the capture of the city. It was, he said, the purpose to disable the fire department as well as the police. He described a meeting at which he said it was decided that they were to kill everybody who opposed them. It was also proposed at that meeting that Anarchists should mingle with the crowds in the city's streets, and kill everybody right and left. The state has also produced a witness, William Selinger, who swears that Louis Lingg was the man who made the fatal bomb, while other witnesses testify that Spies lit the bomb and Schaubert threw it.

Other sensations of the trial was the gradual development of the fact that the Chicago police, as well as the Canadian government, have had several detectives sworn in as members of these Anarchistic societies, and these detectives assisted in the plotting and kept their respective governments posted on every move of the Anarchists. Besides this each detective was unaware that any other but himself was in the organization, so that the authorities were assured that each detective was performing his work honestly and loyally when the reports of all the reporters agreed. This last feature of the case will strike terror into similar organizations throughout the world, for it proves the impossibility of keeping their secrets from the government.

Thinking Women.

Surely this is the Golden Age for women of thought!

In other words, matrimony in our grandmother's day was one goal toward which a girl's face was set from infancy. All did not reach it. No, but the old maids lived along, looked upon as a class who had in some way missed their callings.

We are wider awake now, we women, and we are growing! Not that we make better wives and mothers than the dear old ladies of olden time, but we are not a bit behind in those capacities.

It hurts no one to use her brain. Thought is a gift which "scattereth abroad, yet increaseth," and, say all you will as to the general weakness of the sex, we do think more now-a-days, and on a more extended range of subjects than we used to.

As the woman was made for man's helpmate in life's daily tasks, so was she given her share of the burden of thought. The day has come when she must see that she, in her own right, must be the mental and moral guiding of the world.

Let her be able, intelligent enough to make her own decisions, pure enough to elect a kind in her eyes, and strong enough to give to men fit to be faithful to a future and marriage of women.—*Cham St. Louis Magazine*

THE LETTERS.

Is There one Advertised for You?

The following is the list of letters remaining uncalled for in the Fort Wayne Allen county, Ind., postoffice, for the week ending August 7th, 1886:

Adams Mrs. C. A. Allen Miss Kittie Barton, Frank Bartlett & Bowsam Beard, Mrs. Rhoda Berkshire, Rufus Benton, Frank Clearfoss, W. F. Conklin, William Dudgeon, Eli Garn, Charles. Harper, Clara Harrison, Miss L. Henriks, Anton Jones Mrs. Hattie Jordan, Charley Kennedy, D. L. King, J. W. Lichtenburger, Ladin, Mrs. Rachel Miller, Miss Belle Mitchell, Jno. C. Meday, Henry Nageleisen, Henry Newmana, John A. Pfair, Wm. Pershing, H. A. Starkweather, Frank Thomason, W. D. Terry, J. Ulesker, E. Vanhorn, Miss I. B. Wilson, W. R. Warren, Fred H. Wells, John W.

WM. KAUFER, Postmaster, August 7, 1886.

THE POPE'S ILLNESS

Is not as Serious as Reported and Causes no Alarm.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—The New York Herald correspondent at Rome, visited the vatican yesterday to investigate the report that the pope was dangerously ill. He was assured by Count Novelli, of the guards noble, that the pope, though fatigued by the overpowering heat, was otherwise fairly well. The holy father suffers from an affliction of the bladder, a result of his long confinement in the vatican, but his malady, though grave, causes no more alarm than a month ago. Saturday, as usual, he walked in the vatican garden, ate a light dinner and retired to rest about nine. Sunday morning he said mass in his private chapel.

The Immortal J. N.

The immortal J. N., who has a reputation as a humorist, philosopher, and crank all over the country, got into trouble yesterday at Toledo, because of his desire to "lift the veil." He picked up an umbrella belonging to W. H. Osgood, of the Wabash office, at the union depot, and walked over to the Merchant's hotel with it. In a few moments Mr. Osgood entered, and seeing the umbrella claimed the right of property and the right of possession.

"Where did you get it?" inquired Osgood.

"A couple of fellows at the union depot told me that I might have it," said J. N.

"Now you know better than that. Hand it over to me right away, or ill!"

And the immortal J. N. walked out in the rain and complained of the bloated monopolist who doesn't allow the poor man to have even an umbrella. He is now organizing a boycott against umbrellas.

CHOICE BITS.

The News That is Culled for the "Sentinel" Readers.

The Indianapolis Journal Publishing company was incorporated Saturday. It absorbs the Times of that city, which will be discontinued after to-day. The company consists of John C. New, Harry S. New and Oliver T. Morton. Mr. John C. New remains the general manager of the Journal and there will be no change in its name, character or management.

The Knight Templars of South Bend, Mishawaka, Lagrange and other cities in the north part of the state will make a pilgrimage to Detroit to-morrow.

Lafayette Commandery K. T., will attend the Knight Templars convocation at St. Louis, September 21. The knights are now completing arrangements, and expect to go with forty swords in line.

We Want to Annihilate Them.

The Sentinel employees challenge the Gazette employees to a friendly game of base ball Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

SENTINEL BASE BALL CLUB.

TWO DAUGHTERS of James Dooley, of Bedford Springs, Va., were playing on a lounge in the second story of their home, when a sudden thunder shower came up, and a thunderbolt struck the house, passed down the chimney, and killed them both. There were no marks on the children except a slight discoloration about the ear of one, and a small piece of skin cut from the side of the other. The bolt did no other damage, either to the house or its inmates.

FIRES!

Surrounds the City of Marquette.

Two Murderers Pursued by an Angry Mob and Hung to a Tree Near Tell City, Ind.

The Clerk at the Lahr House, Lafayette, Runs Away With About \$4,000.

MARQUETTE.

The City Surrounded by Fires.

MARQUETTE, Aug. 9.—The city is in danger of destruction by the forest fires. Pendell's slaughter house at the city limits has been destroyed and the nitro glycerine works of the Lake Superior Powder company are surrounded by fire. Men are fighting the fire with desperation.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 9.—The stories of forest fires in northern Wisconsin are evidently exaggerated. There are no fires of consequence along the Milwaukee lake shore and none at all along the Valley division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

The town of Spencer, county seat of Marathon, Wis., was laid in ashes Sunday by flames communicated from the burning forests in that and Clark counties. The loss will be upward of \$200,000. Colby, in the vicinity of Spencer, was also scorched.

HUNG TO A TREE.

Thomas Hobbs and His Son are Lynched for Murder.

EVANSVILLE, Aug. 9.—A well authenticated report comes from a prominent merchant of Tell City, Ind., to the effect that Thomas Hobbs and son, who made an attack, last Saturday evening, on Daniel Waller, his two daughters and a man named Foulz, while returning home from a picnic near Birdseye, and killed the two men, have been captured by a posse of 100 men and lynched, and their bodies riddled with bullets. Birdseye is in Dubois county, on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis railroad.

The mob was composed of about 100 men, who were determined to carry out their intention. The two murderers were finally found, and then a wild chase took place, the posse running and yelling, jumping over fences and running through fields. When the posse came up on the murderers they turned and showed fight, but strong hands soon overpowered them. Two stalwart men stepped forward with ropes and threw them over projecting limbs, and without further ceremony the two men were swung to the night breeze. The ropes were fastened and the mob then drew their revolvers and riddled the lifeless bodies with bullets.

A Hotel Thief.

LAFAYETTE, Aug. 9.—Charlie Klumpe, clerk of the Lahr hotel, absconded last night, taking \$80 left in the hotel for safe keeping and \$300 belonging to the hotel. The young man was unmarried and has been living fast.

Political News.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—The president to-day appointed Dorsey Claggett, of the District of Columbia, to be register of wills for the District of Columbia. The president has commissioned W. C. Matthews, as recorder of deeds, for the District of Columbia.

A MADRID paper narrates a series of fatalities to which three members out of a family of four fell victims in that city. The family were flies, a brother and three sisters. They were in search of food. The eldest sister alighted upon a sausage and ate heartily. The second satisfied her hunger on some flour. The third drank with avidity from a pitcher of milk. Then they essayed to fly, but in a few moments all three fell dead. The sausage had been given its fine red color by means of a poisonous aniline dye. The flour contained a fatal percentage of plaster of paris. The milk had in it so much chalk that no well-regulated fly could drink it and live. The unhappy brother, seeing himself surrounded by the corpses of his dear sisters, in his grief determined upon suicide. He launched himself upon a gray sheet of paper bearing the inscription: "Fly paper—sure to kill, and sucked its deadly poison greedily, but in vain. The more he took out of it the better he felt. He was doomed to live. "Fly paper" was also falsified.

GEN. BOULANGER.

The French Minister of War—Will He Become Dictator?

It is the unexpected that happens in France, and just now all Europe is expecting something to happen there. Successful as the present government in our sister republic seems to be, there is an inborn desire among Frenchmen for a hero—a strong, daring, fearless leader, one who will carry himself far above the law. It is the old story of the frogs desiring a king. They treated with contempt the log king that Jupiter sent them, on account of the familiarity such a king permitted; but they were compelled to respect and fear the stork, their later king, who devalued them as he willed.

Looking back at the list of leaders of the French people, from "Little Napoleon" to Gambetta, it would appear that the stork king was what they most admired and, judging from his past career, this is about what they are going to have in the person of Gen. Boulanger, the present minister of war in the Freychet cabinet.



GEN. GEORGE ERNEST BOULANGER.

Gen. Boulanger's career thus far has been like the upward flight of a rocket, and his future will bear watching. He is the youngest of the French generals, being yet not quite 50. He is the son of a Breton lawyer, while his mother was English. Thus he combines the fire and dash of one race with the coolness and sublimity of the other. He possesses a magnificent military physique, and since his recent duel and the publication of an article in the Paris Figaro, in which Boulanger is mentioned as "a menace to the republic, owing to overreaching ambition that will not rest until he has either plunged France into a war of revenge with Germany or has had himself proclaimed dictator."

This article has set all Europe agog, and on investigation of Boulanger's career it is found he has been governed by the principle that might, under whatever form it manifests itself, overcomes right in spite of all the fine essays to prove the contrary, and with La Fontaine he believes "the logic of the strong is always the best."

E. W. HOWE, THE NOVELIST.

Sketch of One of Our Most Promising Story Writers.

About three years ago an unpretending book was sent to the newspaper reviewers. It came in a quiet way, as quiet almost as its own literary style. At first the critics did not notice it much. Its name was "The Story of a Country Town," by E. W. Howe. But one day a friend brought it to the notice of the literary editor of The New York World. The style was so entirely simple, so limpid, and at the same time so unique that the book reviewer recognized at once that here was a literary discovery of worth. A long notice was given to the book. Next day every copy of it on sale in New York city was sold.

Mr. Howe was perceived by all who read the book to be a genuine American novelist, an outgrowth of our own soil, not an imitator of English and French story writers. The notice in The World gave the "Story of a Country Town" a boom which has not yet died out. The author received advances for other books from leading publishers. Since then he has written two—"The Mystery of the Locks" and "The Moonlight Boy." Both are characterized by the same quiet, quiet literary style as the first. There are touches of pathos in them that have never been excelled, there are strokes of humor worthy of Thackeray.

Nevertheless, the author has never yet done his best. He is a busy young newspaper man, editor and proprietor of The Atchison (Kan.) Daily Globe. His stories have been written outside of working hours, and much of them hurriedly and wearisomely done. After he makes a small fortune as newspaper proprietor we may all hope that he will give himself up to novel writing altogether. He tells us that not a line of his first book was written by sunlight.

The Utica (N. Y.) Herald says that a well-known naturalist of that city, who has been visiting many different towns in that and adjoining counties during the last two or three months, reports that the smaller birds, with the exception of the English sparrow, have decreased rapidly in numbers, and there is every reason to fear that some species will disappear entirely from the locality. The wren, for example, is exceedingly scarce, the bobolinks are disappearing rapidly, and now not more than one is to be seen where there were fifty a year or two ago. Bluebirds, yellow-birds, orioles, and other bright-plumaged songsters are rapidly passing away, and even the hawks, crows, and owls are not spared. The diminution is attributed to the demands of fashion for the ornamentation of ladies' hats, and to small boys who have a mania for collecting eggs. Fruit trees and all sorts of vegetation are suffering from the ravages of insects which the birds formerly destroyed.



E. W. HOWE.

FIRMLY!

Will Uncle Sam Talk to Mexico.

And Demand the Release of Cutting to Establish the Right of American Citizenship.

Secretary Bayard Says the Government Ultimatum Has Not Been Issued.

THE CUTTING CASE.

Secretary Bayard is Firm in His Decision and Demands Cutting's Release.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 9.—Secretary Bayard, speaking to a special correspondent last night of the Cutting case, said he saw no reason why a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty should not be reached. He has been assured that such was the desire of the Mexican government. He seems to think the difficulties in the way have been created, not so much by the Mexicans, as by obliging friends in this country, who, in their efforts to embarrass the administration, have suggested to the Mexican authorities methods of opposition which perhaps they would not have thought of. The attitude of Mexico in the matter, it is claimed, has been greatly strengthened by the efforts of Blaine's friends to show that Bayard has acted with precipitancy and has been too exacting with Mexico. Mexico claims in Cutting's case, the right to try an American citizen for an offense committed in the United States and Cutting has been actually convicted and sentenced for publishing a libel in Texas. Secretary Bayard thinks this raises the gravest possible question between the two countries, and if Mexico's claims were once conceded, no American traveling in Mexico would be safe. The case, Mr. Bayard thinks, is too clear for equivocation and he has no idea of retreating from the position taken by the department weeks ago, when it demanded Cutting's release.

In both the fisheries and Mexican affairs, the state department has acted with great promptness and rigor and Mr. Bayard makes no concealment of his determination to insist upon full satisfaction in the Cutting affair, not so much for Cutting's sake, as because it involves the question whether American citizen in Mexico are to be protected in their rights.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—Secretary Bayard says that no ultimatum has been sent to Mexico. The only army orders in connection with the Mexican trouble came from the west last night, saying that local troops had been sent to disarm the revolutionists who had crossed into Texas.

CUTTING.

Cutting, the troublesome border editor, will soon be sent to Chihuahua. Companies of minute men have been organized at El Paso. It is said that a troop of the 8th United States cavalry, at Ringgold barracks, has been ordered to disarm some Mexican revolutionists who crossed the Rio Grande on Thursday night.

No Tax, No Traffic.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 9.—As fore-shadowed, the city authorities Saturday stopped street car travel in an attempt to enforce payment of the delinquent license-tax on street cars. About sixty cars were stopped on five lines, and the drivers arrested. These lines are all the property of the Metropolitan Railway company, which recently bought out the Corrigan Consolidated company. The back tax in question—\$1,500—has not been paid and is contested by the new company. The case will be heard to-morrow. Meanwhile, the public is anxiously inquiring when traffic will be resumed. The mayor says the cars cannot start until the tax is paid. The street car company officials say the delay only increases the city's liabilities in the way of damages.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—Wheat, @40c. lower and quiet; No. 2 red, 85c. Corn, 47@50c. Oats, shade lower and very dull at 36@47c.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—Wheat, stronger, at 74c. Corn, steady at 42c. Oats, firm, at 27c.

Humphreys & Gerow have been awarded the contract to put a slate roof on the new St. Mary's Catholic church.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. may 22-dawly

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's **MAGNOLIA BALM** will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blotches, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

A POSITIVE CURE
Allan's Soluble Flavored Bougies.
No numerous doses of medicine, either of oil or cod-liver oil, which do not cure, but by destroying the cause of the disease, produce a permanent cure. No pain, no inconvenience, no expense. A perfect cure for all cases of Gonorrhea, Syphilis, and all other venereal diseases. Price, 25 cents per box. Sold everywhere.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

TALKS ABOUT ETNA'S LITTLE MOUNTAIN AND BAVARIA'S KING.

Sicily and Her Elemental Tragedies—The Superstitious People of Madrid—The Late Wagner-Mad Monarch—The Fairy Prince of the Nineteenth Century.

(Special Correspondence.)
MILAN, July 3, 1888.—Etna, so long in agonized labor, has brought forth, not a mouse, but actually a little mountain, which the Italian Alpine club, in session at Catania, has solemnly christened Monte Gemellaro. That great eruption, of exceptional length, volume and violence, was a horrible happening, sufficiently near to us to cause popular excitement, especially during the days and nights while Nicolosi, a town whose history is a series of destructions and reconstructions, was threatened with a final overwhelming, standing, as it were, at bay, with its awful enemy drawing slowly and steadily nigher and nigher. All watched at last with bated breath—some praying, some betting. Would the poor little city go under, or would it not? Devout Catholics had hope as soon as they heard that the bishop of Catania and a goodly number of priests had gone to the relief of the lava-beleaguered town, bearing the veil of St. Agatha, which, it is said, once saved Catania when similarly menaced. Hosts of pious Sicilians believe that the shaking of that bit of muslin in the face of the fiery torrent arrested it, and delivered Nicolosi.

Nicolosi and other menaced towns have escaped this time, thanks to St. Agatha; but a multitude of the poor peasants of the region round about, driven from their ruined homes and vineyards, have lost all their worldly possessions. The correspondent of one of the Milan evening journals gave particularly vivid and sensational descriptions of the grandeur and terrors of the eruption, and of the human tragedies attending it, so that for days we "supped on horrors."

Since Etna ceased from troubling, there has been the ghastly catastrophe of the sulphur mine of Sarno, in which hundreds of poor miners perished through explosions, or in the flames and suffocating fumes—the "fire and brimstone" which, made of those yellow caverns, seem to the poor wretches who did not die speedily, the very ante-chambers of hell. Sicily seems this year to be the scene of these elemental tragedies, as Spain was last year, and as Iceland and Svala were a few years ago. Ah, we are so many and such restless creatures, we warm soon the old earth, that it seems now and then to get impatient, and like some huge pachyderm animal to make a mad bolt, shake its skin and fling a lot of us off into the infinite void.

So many of these calamities have lately been visited upon Spain and its vicinity that the superstitious people of Madrid take them as solemn warnings, especially since their experience of a regular wild American cyclone, and are looking in pitiful alarm for the end of the world. It seems that, according to a tradition founded on a prophecy of old Nostredamus, that untoward event should come off in the year when St. Mark's day falls on Easter Sunday, and that of St. Anthony on that of Pentecost, and that of St. George on Corpus Domini—all of which conjunctions occur in this year of our Lord. If there is really even to be such a day of conflagration and collapse as the Dies ire of prophets and poets, we may take it that the mightiest volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, but faintly foreshadow its horrors. Still fainter reminders are they of the stupendous work of the Creator in forming and reforming and trans-

forming this round world of ours. Before time was, as we reckon it, the savage forces of nature had fought out on this planet their Titanic battles—the general war of lawless elements, which was to establish the general law of order. Then cavernous central depths yawning and drank in great seas; then tidal waves, that were like runaway seas, rushed from zone to zone and overswept continents; then mighty volcanic forces, fiery plowshares of God, cleft the granite crust of the earth and tossed up mountain ranges. All this we know, or think we do; but the thought of that troubled season of auld lang syne does not afflict us, for we know also that while these primordial convulsions endured, and the poor harassed globe struggled against, or by fire and flood, to establish hospitable, habitable conditions for "the coming man"—setting the scenes for the drama of human life—though tortured earth and sea might groan and moan, there were no trembling mortal witnesses of the conflict and the uproar, no sentient victims of the blind fury of the elements.

It is after all the human part played in these tragedies of physical nature which gives them not a crowning horror, but a grandeur beyond all that imagination can assign of those shocks and those no lessings and subsides. It is the sublimity of human woe. What unspeakable consternation must prevail in a volcanic region during a hard season of earthquakes. It is a nightmare of dreadful expectancy that the day never breaks upon—a shadow of misfortune and grief which no sun dissipates—the home-coming of poor wretches whom heaven itself seems to have ejected.

But does the greater always contain the less, or even balance it in this life? To the world about us, the heaving and rumbling and lava vomiting of Etna were of small account compared with the outcries and spasms of the French republic, the Portuguese marriages and the expulsion of the Pretenders—and what were the beggarly, the distraction or destruction of a few hundred peasants—what were cyclones let loose on and damaging a few cities, to the bankruptcy and despair of a king, to the whirlwind of madness which at last burst on the royal house of Wittelsbach and bore away its head. The excitement here, over this last event, was for a little time universal, though naturally the Italian loves not over much the Teuton, and certainly no event so ghastly, and at the same time so pathetic, has occurred among the royal folk of Europe since the death of the prince imperial. It is strange that it took this suicide, coupled with a probable homicide, to convince his subjects that the man just enthroned as a grand monarch, with imposing pomp and much Latin, was not fit to rule over the stupidest beer-drinking, beer-thinking Bavarian peasants. He ought to have been deposed and quietly disposed of in some asyle Wagnerian mad house years ago. Indeed, from late revelations it seems that he ought to have been deposed before he was posed on the throne, as he gave indications of madness in his very childhood, once undertaking to put to death his little brother Otto, whom he called his "vassal," for some act of disobedience. The French and Italian journalists charge his insanity and consequent death to Wagnerism. But surely poor Richard has enough to answer for, in the untimely taking off of promising voices, without being charged with regicide.

The king was not only Wagner mad, but a lunatic. Music and moonlight intoxicated him as do wine and women the ordinary run of princes. Music worshipped the moon as devoutly as did the ancient Carthaginians. In one of his marvelous palaces he had a large bedchamber three stories high, with a glazed roof, so that when lying awake—for the poor fellow was a great sufferer from insomnia—he could, of a bright night, behold his adored

queen of heaven and her infinite starry court. There was something grand as well as weird in this arrangement. Happily Louis II was utterly free from the follies of his grandfather or uncle, Louis I, also an art patron and a builder of grand palaces, but better known in history as the snail lover of Lola Montez, and also free from the gross vices which precipitated and rendered hopeless the madness of his brother Otto, the present make-believe king. Louis is declared to have been, in personal purity, a Sir Galahad, "cold and virginal, with an absolute horror of grossness and immorality." He was one of God's innocents, rest his soul! The only women whom he could tolerate, of late years, were artists, and they, as artists, the wiles and coquetties of the prettiest and most charming of them were lost upon him, and if they attempted to take him by storm their defeat was disastrous.

It is related that one summer evening he honored a famous German prima donna by waiting on her in a solitary room on that magical and fatal lake of Starnberg. She sang for him an air from "Lohengrin" divinely. The king dropped the oars to listen the more intently, and so they floated in the moonlight by the shadowy, flowery shore. The singer, seeing that handsome, romantic and munificent monarch bending toward her, with tears of emotions in his eyes, mistook the emotion—saw, perhaps, diamonds in the tears—suddenly flung her arms lovingly round the royal neck, and thought she had him! But he instantly broke from her embrace, then lifting her high in his arms flung her into the lake, calmly commanding his servants, who were waiting on the shore, to "fish out the lady," adding that she had "seemed to be too warm."

Poor Louis was several times on the eve of marriage, but always lost courage before coming in full view of the altar. Once it was a Russian princess, whose musical accomplishments captivated him. He hoped for a harmonious union—well, blessed of Wagner—but one day he left in the lady's hands a composition of his own, for her to study and be able to sing and play for him on his next visit. He called early the following day, all impatient for a pleasure so dear to an artist. The princess was not in her salon, but on the piano lay his song, rolled up and sealed with his royal seal, just as he had left it. He took it and his final leave, wounded to the heart as musician and monarch. Of "imagination all compact," King Louis was an executive poet, a practical idealist; he was that anachronism, a fairy prince in the Nineteenth century. His extravagances and eccentricities were of the romantic and legendary sort; his costly hanging gardens; the unbecoming of luxury of his bedchambers; his throne of gold and precious stones; his fantastic coaches and sledges; his banquets that came up through the floor; his masked servants. The Bavarians, who denied his madness, ascribed his "peculiarities" to a severe early training from which he wildly reacted.

His mother, Maria of Prussia, a princess of strong mind and stronger will, insisted, they said, on his being educated with great simplicity and entire seclusion, without recreation, childish games or playmates. His father, Maximilian II, was commonplace enough, not a bit of a fairy prince. I saw him many years ago at Rome, when he was traveling for his health, under some transparent incognito. It was at a ball at the Doris palace. I remember him as a slight, pale, plain gentleman, who carried his head very erect and stiff, and did not on the whole look as though he found it particularly jolly to be a potentate. He was my first jolly to be a potentate. He was my first jolly to be a potentate. He was my first jolly to be a potentate. He was my first jolly to be a potentate.

royal closet, did I know that a certain spinal malady, which caused the neck to give way and the head to lop about in a most uncomfortable manner, compelled the poor king to wear under his white cravat a close collar of iron or steel. It is not safe to judge from appearances, neither is it wise to envy anybody. Some months after meeting the king I saw him again in Munich, at the opera, the first night after his return from his travels. He was accompanied by his wife, and I remember that the two walked over from the new palace, followed by only one gentleman and one lady of their household. The opera in that primitive time and quiet capital began before 7 and ended before 10. The royal pair were loyally cheered, and seemed to like it. The queen was dressed very simply in white, with a rich red crape shawl on her shoulders—worn three-cornered fashion—and a red rose in her hair, for all ornament, no jewels, yet she looked very pretty, very happy and very proud, as she stood up with the king to acknowledge the acclamations of their subjects. I must confess I envied her—not exactly her ailing and stiff-necked husband, but her royal state, her beauty, her popularity, even her becoming red shawl—but for many years past who has envied poor old Queen Maria, widowed and with two mad sons? And now who can wonder that she finds the problem of her troubled life too hard and wants to give it up and go into a convent.

I suppose that the final and irrefragable proofs of the poor king's dementia are known to the medical commission, with the clause that each of those scientific old gentlemen was to be first deprived of an eye, for having seen what he should not have seen. One of his attendants was only allowed to appear before him with a seal upon his forehead, "as the sign of an imprisoned brain." If all royal officials, having confined and restricted brains, should be compelled to thus decorate their brows—what "a corner" in sealing wax! It is strange, the long suffering of loyalty. After years of wild extravagance and senseless prodigality, of misanthropic isolation and stupendous egoism, this man had plenty of subjects who loved him and blindly served him. Of course, most of those about him were mercenaries—living on his weakness and crazy bounty, like so many parasites swarming over a sick lion—but they were fanatics, as well, and really believed in his divine right to be "as mad as a March hare," should it so please his gracious majesty.

After all, it was a question of money, not of national dignity or governmental decency. If the royal penurious debts—amounting to only 15,000,000 marks—could have been paid, he might have been reigning and having yet. It is true there was a discussion in the secret session of the state commission over the act of recognizing as sovereign the other royal heir. Some members were for setting him quite aside—as God had done, arguing that it was unworthy of a reasonable people to go on acknowledging fealty to him; but the old sentiment of blind loyalty prevailed, and several grave old nobles waited on poor Prince Otto, and solemnly informed him that he was king of Bavaria. As, when he first found himself sequestered, he had, with a flash of divination, exclaimed: "Why do you shut me up? My brother is far more mad than I!" so now, after twenty years, he had an inspiration of reason, for he said: "Then we must cut down the army." That was all. He took up again the tangled thread of his unreal life and went on with his madness, while those self-styled old gentlemen rose from their knees and backed out of the presence.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body. "Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." Mrs. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y. "I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." Mrs. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of medicinal agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence. "Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. T. THOMSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass. "Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARKINGTON, 130 St. Paul St., New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

KEMP'S BALM FREE.
Call at our store and get Free sample Bottle of Kemp's Balm for the Throat and Lungs. Most successful Cough and Lung Remedy ever sold. 100 WILLS see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and 3 cts. **KEMP'S BALM FREE.**

Respectfully,
March 12-17

DREIER & BRO.

DR. T. J. DILLS

Has his office at his residence,
NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET,
Where he will give exclusive attention
to all

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR

Office hours, 9 A. M. to 5 P. M.

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A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into STATES AND SECTIONS will be sent on application—FREE. Their advertising rates, we can offer no better medium for the rough and effective work than the various sections of our *Selected Local List*.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
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25-1m

All Sorts of

hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

Get Ready for the Great Tri-State Fair, September 14, 15, 16 and 17,

TO BE HELD AT Fort Wayne, Ind.

It Will be the Fair of all Fairs,
The Grandest of all Fairs!

TELL EVERYBODY OF THE GREAT

BALLOON RACE IN THE SKY!

Something Never Seen Before in Indiana.

In the Largest Circuit in the World!

The same horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, other live stock and machinery that will be found at the Ohio State Fair, the Indiana State Fair and the Great St. Louis Fair will be found at the Tri-State Fair at Ft. Wayne Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.

COME EVERYBODY!
Come in Wagons, Come on Horseback, Come Walking, Come Running, Only so you get to see the BIG FAIR.

Come on the Railroad. Fare, Only One Cent a Mile

ADMISSION ONLY 125 CENTS; CHILDREN 50 CENTS

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833.

MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 9, 1886.

PRICE THREE CENTS

RIOTS!

Devastate the City of Delfast.

Hundreds are Wounded and the Dead are Secretly Buried--Troops Arriving.

The Pope is Not Dangerously Ill and the Vatican Dignitaries are Not Alarmed.

MORE BLOOD SHED.

The Belfast Riot Breaks Out Afresh.

LONDON, Aug. 9.—A Belfast dispatch to the Times says: "At least a dozen persons were killed in Sunday's riots. Stones were thrown in some instances so heavy that the soldiers were forced to clear the streets by charging bayonets, the riot act having been previously read. It is reported there is scarcely a house on the Lankhill road, lacking injured rioters. The mob having charged the police with drunkenness, Inspector Reed paraded the streets at the risk of his life, and satisfied himself of their sobriety."

Belfast, (noon) Aug. 9.—The attempt to stop rioting have been unsuccessful and the violence of the mob increasing. Thirty rioters have been wounded. The police keep up a merciless fire upon the mob.

Belfast, Aug. 8.—The city, owing to the wreck of houses, presents a deplorable aspect and its appearance is similar to that of Paris after the commune. It is feared that numerous deaths resulting from the riots have taken place which were never heard of. The hospitals are crowded with persons in need of attendance. The painful feature of the riots is a number of children wounded. Train loads of troops are constantly arriving.

BIG FAILURE.

Edwin Alden, the Advertiser, Goes Under.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 9.—Edwin Alden & Bro., newspaper advertising agents, with a branch in New York, made an assignment to-day to A. M. Warner. The nominal liabilities are about \$192,000; nominal assets, \$272,000. These consist of contracts for advertising. The firm has been of long standing and has carried on a very extensive business. No close estimate can be made as to the real assets and liabilities, owing to the uncertain nature of the outstanding accounts.

New York News.

New York, Aug. 9.—Two coopers, Wm. Potts and Geo. Hasditt's navigated Niagara's whirlpool rapids Sunday in a barrel-shaped boat. The feat was accomplished in the presence of 15,000 people. A landing was made at Queens-town, Canada, five miles from the starting place, the Maia of the Mist's dock. The voyage occupied fifty-five minutes.

Michael Davitt arrived in New York Sunday on the Germanic. The Irish agitator was accompanied by James Burke, business partner of Patrick Egan. Mr. Davitt will be present at the Chicago convention, and his stay in this country will cover several months.

The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage preached at Monaca Lake, Wis., assembly Sunday to 5,000 people. In the afternoon two Sunday school meetings were held and the day closed with a song service.

Opposed to Societies.

Rosemead, N. Y., Aug. 9.—Bishop McQuade attacked the Irish Republican Brotherhood and kindred societies in his sermon yesterday. The societies referred to were known as branches of the Fenian organization under various names, such as Clan na-gael, and others, all affiliated with the Irish Republican Brotherhood.

Death of a Base Ball Player.

Toronto, Aug. 9.—William Smith, the base ball player, who was injured while bathing yesterday, died at the hospital this morning. His remains will probably be taken to his home at Cleveland for interment.

The Cincinnati Postmaster Appointed.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—The president has appointed John C. Riley, postmaster at Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE LEADERS.

Spies and Schwab on the Witness Stand.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—August Spies and Michael Schwab were both on the witness stand to-day. Schwab recounted his movements of the night of May 4th and said he did not see Spies at all during the riot or at any time during the night. He tried to find Spies to get him to speak at Deering's.

Spies, in his examination, made what the prosecution claim is a fatal admission, fully corroborating their claim that the armed section had a secret caucus and had prepared for the attack on the police. Spies said he wrote the word "Ruhs" which appeared in the Arbeiter Zeitung, May 4th. This was the signal for anarchists to arm.

At a meeting of the Central Labor union of Chicago it was stated that the nearly \$14,000 had been raised for the defense of the anarchists, \$1,000 of the amount coming from Poland.

SCENES IN THE COURT ROOM.

One of the most remarkable trials that ever engaged the attention of any court in this country is undoubtedly that of the eight Anarchists of Chicago, who are on trial for their lives, the act with which they are charged being the murder of police officer Matthew J. Deagan, who was one of those killed by the explosion of the dynamite bomb. August Spies, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Chris Spies, C. R. Parsons, George Engel, Adolph Fischer and Louis Lingg are the accused.

The attack on the police occurred, it will be remembered, on the evening of May 4th. While the first shock of the affair had it was thought that it would be hard to impossible to obtain evidence to convict members of such a secret oath-bound society. But as the trial progressed the prosecution has lapsed upon surprise in the way of evidence, showing in a startling way that the explosion of the bomb in the old Haymarket square was but the first move in a carefully planned and long organized purpose of annihilating the police and fire department of the city of Chicago, when the city would be given over to pillage and a repetition of the scenes in Paris during the reign of the commune.



SCENE IN THE COURT ROOM.

To secure a jury, 982 citizens were examined before the twelfth was selected. The first sensational event of the trial was the testimony of Gustaf Walker, an Anarchist, who, turning state's evidence, swore that he had belonged to an armed body of Anarchists, and who described in detail the preparations that had been made by the leaders (the defendants on trial) for the capture of the city. It was, he said, the purpose to disable the fire department as well as the police. He described a meeting at which he said it was decided that they were to kill everybody who opposed them. It was also proposed at that meeting that Anarchists should mingle with the crowds in the city streets, and kill everybody right and left. The state has also produced a witness, William Sellinger, who swears that Louis Lingg was the man who made the fatal bomb, while other witnesses testify that Spies lit the bomb and Schmeibler threw it.

Other sensational features of the trial was the gradual development of the fact that the Chicago police, as well as the Canadian government, have had several detectives sworn in as members of these Anarchistic societies, and these detectives assisted in the plotting and kept their respective governments posted on every move of the Anarchists. Besides this each detective was unaware that any other but himself was in the organization, so that the authorities were assured that each detective was performing his work honestly and loyally when the reports of all the reports agreed. This last feature of the case will strike terror into similar organizations throughout the world, for it proves the impossibility of keeping their secrets from the government.

Thinking Women.

Surely this is the Golden Age for women of thought!

In other words, matrimony in our grandmother's day was one goal toward which a girl's feet were set from infancy. All did not reach it. No, but the old maids lived along, looked upon as a class who had in some way missed their callings.

We are wiser awake now, we women, and we are growing! Not that we make better wives and mothers than the dear old ladies of olden time, but we are not a bit behind in those capacities.

It hurts no one to use her brain. Thought is a gift which "scattered abroad, yet increases," and, say all you will as to the general weakness of the sex, we do think more now-a-days, and on a more extended range of subjects than we used to.

As the woman was made for man's helpmate in life's daily tasks, so she has given her share of the burden of thought. The day has come when she must be seen in her way, for she is the mental and moral backbone of the world.

Let her be able, intellectually, to answer her boy's questions, broad enough to make him respect her opinions, pure enough to elevate him, and kind in his eyes, and such a woman will give her men fit to be fathers and husbands to a future and more advanced race of women.—Chicago Tribune.

THE LETTERS.

Is There one Advertised for You?

The following is the list of letters remaining unclaimed for in the Fort Wayne Allen county, Ind., postoffice, for the week ending August 7th, 1886:

Adams Mrs. C. A. Allen Miss Kittle Barton, Frank Bartlett & Boswam Beard, Mrs. Rhoda Berkshire, Rufus Brandon, Wm. J. Benton, Frank Clearfoss, W. F. Cooklin, William Dudgeon, Eli Carr, Charles Harper, Clara Harrison, Miss L. Henriks, Anton Jones Mrs. Mattie Jordan, Charley Kennedy, D. L. Kennedy, D. C. King, J. W. Liechtenburger, — Ladin —, Mills, Mrs. Rachel Miller, Miss Belle Mitchell, Jno. C. Meday, Henry Nagelsdon, Henry Newwana, John A. Pdar, Wm. Pompey, Wm. Pershing, H. A. Starkweather, Frank Thomason, W. D. Terry, J. Ulecker, E. Vanhorn, Miss I. R. Wilson, W. B. Warren, Fred H. Wells, John W.

WM. KAUGHN, Postmaster, August 7, 1886.

THE POPE'S ILLNESS

Is not as Serious as Reported and Causes no Alarm.

New York, Aug. 9.—The New York Herald correspondent at Rome, visited the Vatican yesterday to investigate the report that the pope was dangerously ill. He was assured by Count Novelli, of the guards noble, that the pope, though fatigued by the overpowering heat, was otherwise fairly well. The holy father suffers from an affliction of the bladder, a result of his long confinement in the Vatican, but his malady, though grave, causes no more alarm than a month ago. Saturday, as usual, he walked in the Vatican garden, ate a light dinner and retired to rest about nine. Sunday morning he said mass in his private chapel.

The Immortal J. N.

The immortal J. N., who has a reputation as a humorist, philosopher, and crank all over the country, got into trouble yesterday at Toledo, because of his desire to "lift the veil." He picked up an umbrella belonging to W. H. Osgood, of the Wabash office, at the union depot, and walked over to the Merchant's hotel with it. In a few moments Mr. Osgood entered, and seeing the umbrella claimed the right of property and the right of possession.

"Where did you get it?" inquired Osgood.

"A couple of fellows at the union depot told me that I might have it," said J. N.

"Now you know better than that. Hand it over to me right away, or I'll—"

And the immortal J. N. walked out in the rain and complained of the blasted monopolist who doesn't allow the poor man to have even an umbrella. He is now organizing a boycott against umbrellas.

CHOICE BITS.

The News That is Culled for the "Sentinel" Readers.

The Indianapolis Journal Publishing company was incorporated Saturday. It absorbs the Times of that city, which will be discontinued after to-day. The company consists of John C. New, Harry S. New and Oliver T. Morton. Mr. John C. New remains the general manager of the Journal and there will be no change in its name, character or management.

The Knight Templars of South Bend, Mishawaka, Lagrange and other cities in the north part of the state will make a pilgrimage to Detroit to-morrow. Lafayette Commandery K. T., will attend the Knight Templars convocation at St. Louis, September 21. The knights are now completing arrangements, and expect to go with forty swords in line.

We Want to Annihilate Them.

The SENTINEL employees challenge the Gazette employees to a friendly game of base ball Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.

SENTINEL BASE BALL CLUB.

Two daughters of James Dooley, of Bedford Springs, Va., were playing on a lounge in the second story of their home, when a sudden thunder shower came up, and a thunderbolt struck the house, passed down the chimney, and killed them both. There were no marks on the children except a slight discoloration about the ear of one, and a small piece of skin cut from the side of the other. The bolt did no other damage, either to the house or its inmates.

FIRES!

Surrounds the City of Marquette.

Two Murderers Pursued by an Angry Mob and Hung to a Tree Near Tell City, Ind.

The Clerk at the Lahr House, Lafayette, Runs Away With About \$4,000.

MARQUETTE.

The City Surrounded by Fires. MARQUETTE, Aug. 9.—The city is in danger of destruction by the forest fires. Fendell's slaughter house at the city limits has been destroyed and the nitro glyceride works of the Lake Superior Powder company are surrounded by fire. Men are fighting the fire with desperation.

MILWAUKEE, Aug. 9.—The stories of forest fires in northern Wisconsin are evidently exaggerated. There are no fires of consequence along the Milwaukee lake shore and none at all along the Valley division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

The town of Spencer, county seat of Marathon, Wis., was laid in ashes Sunday by flames communicated from the burning forests in that and Clark counties. The loss will be upward of \$200,000. Colby, in the vicinity of Spencer, was also scorched.

HUNG TO A TREE.

Thomas Hobbs and His Son are Lynched for Murder.

EVANSVILLE, Aug. 9.—A well authenticated report comes from a prominent merchant of Tell City, Ind., to the effect that Thomas Hobbs and son, who made an attack, last Saturday evening, on Daniel Waller, his two daughters and a man named Foltz, while returning home from a picnic near Birdseye, and killed the two men, have been captured by a posse of 100 men and lynched, and their bodies riddled with bullets. Birdseye is in Dubois county, on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis railroad.

The mob was composed of about 100 men, who were determined to carry out their intention. The two murderers were finally found, and then a wild chase took place, the posse running and yelling, jumping over fences and running through fields. When the posse came up on the murderers they turned and showed fight, but strong hands soon overpowered them. Two stalwart men stepped forward with ropes and threw them over projecting limbs, and without further ceremony the two men were swung to the night breeze. The ropes were fastened and the mob then drew their revolvers and riddled the lifeless bodies with bullets.

A Hotel Thief.

LAFAYETTE, Aug. 9.—Charlie Klumpke, clerk of the Lahr hotel, absconded last night, taking \$80 left in the hotel for safe keeping and \$300 belonging to the hotel. The young man was unmarried and has been living fast.

Political News.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—The president to-day appointed Dorsey Cloggett, of the District of Columbia, to be register of wills for the District of Columbia. The president has commissioned W. C. Matthews, as recorder of deeds, for the District of Columbia.

A MADRID paper narrates a series of fatalities to which three members out of a family of four fell victims in that city. The family were flies, a brother and three sisters. They were in search of food. The eldest sister alighted upon a sausage and ate heartily. The second satisfied her hunger on some flour. The third drank with avidity from a pitcher of milk. Then they essayed to fly, but in a few moments all three fell dead. The sausage had been given its fine red color by means of a poisonous aniline dye. The flour contained a fatal percentage of plaster of paris. The milk had in it so much chalk that no well-regulated fly could drink it and live. The unhappy brother, seeing himself surrounded by the corpses of his dear sisters, in his grief determined upon suicide. He launched himself upon a gray sheet of paper bearing the inscription: "Fly paper—sure to kill, and sucked its deadly poison greedily, but in vain. The more he took out of it the better he felt. He was doomed to live. "Fly paper" was also falsified.

GEN. BOULANGER.

The French Minister of War—Will He Become Dictator?

It is the unexpected that happens in France, and just now all Europe is expecting something to happen there. Successful as the present government in our sister republic seems to be, there is an insatiable desire among Frenchmen for a hero—a strong, daring, fearless leader, one who will carry himself far above the law. It is the old story of the frogs desiring a king. They treated with contempt the log king that Jupiter sent them, on account of the familiarity such a king permitted; but they were compelled to respect and fear the stork, their later king, who deposed them as he willed.

Looking back at the list of leaders of the French people, from "Little Napoleon" to Gambetta, it would appear that the stork king was what they most admired and, judging from his past career, this is about what they are going to have in the person of Gen. Boulanger, the present minister of war in the De Freycinet cabinet.



GEN. GEORGE ERNEST BOULANGER.

Gen. Boulanger's career thus far has been like the upward flight of a rocket, and his future will bear watching. He is the youngest of the French generals, being yet not quite 50. He is the son of a Breton lawyer, while his mother was English. Thus he combines the fire and dash of one race with the coolness and shrewdness of the other. He possesses a magnificent military physique, and since his recent duel and the publication of an article in La Paris Figaro, in which Boulanger is mentioned as "a menace to the republic," owing to overreaching ambition that will not rest until he has plunged France into a war of revenge with Germany or has had himself proclaimed dictator.

This article has set all Europe agog, and an investigation of Boulanger's career it is found he has been governed by the principle that might, overcomes right in spite of all the fine essays to prove the contrary, and with La Fontaine he believes "the logic of the strongest is always the best."

E. W. HOWE, THE NOVELIST.

Sketch of One of Our Most Promising Story Writers.

About three years ago an unpretending book was sent to the newspaper reviewers. It came in a quiet way, as quiet almost as its own literary style. At first the critics did not notice it much. Its name was "The Story of a Country Town," by E. W. Howe. But one day a friend brought it to the notice of the literary editor of The New York World. The style was so entirely simple, so rapid, and at the same time so unique that the book reviewer recognized at once that here was a literary discovery of value. A long notice was given to the book. Next day every copy of it on sale in New York city was sold.

Mr. Howe was perceived by all who read the book to be a genuine American novelist, an outgrowth of our own soil, not an imitator of English and French story writers. The notice in The World gave the "Story of a Country Town" a boom which has not yet died out.

The author received advantageous offers for other books from leading publishers. Since then he has written two—"The Mystery of the Locks" and "The Moonlight Boy." Both are characterized by the same quaint, quiet literary style as the first. There are touches of pathos in them that have never been excelled, there are strokes of humor worthy of Thackeray.

Nevertheless, the author has never yet done his best. He is a busy young newspaper man, editor and proprietor of The Atlantic (Conn.) Daily Globe. His stories have been written outside of working hours, and much of them hurriedly and wearily done. After he makes a small fortune as newspaper proprietor we may all hope that he will give himself up to novel writing altogether. He tells us that not a line of his first book was written by sunlight.

The Utica (N. Y.) Herald says that a well-known naturalist of that city, who has been visiting many different towns in that and adjoining counties during the last two or three months, reports that the smaller birds, with the exception of the English sparrow, have decreased rapidly in numbers, and there is every reason to fear that some species will disappear entirely from the locality. The wren, for example, is exceedingly scarce, the bobolinks are disappearing rapidly, and now not more than one is to be seen where there were fifty a year or two ago. Bluebirds, yellow birds, orioles, and other brightly-plumaged songsters are rapidly passing away, and even the hawks, crows, and owls are not spared. The diminution is attributed to the demands of fashion for the ornamentation of ladies' hats, and to small boys who have a mania for collecting eggs. Fruit trees and all sorts of vegetation are suffering from the ravages of insects which the birds have been exterminated.

FIRMLY!

Will Uncle Sam Talk to Mexico.

And Demand the Release of Cutting to Establish the Right of American Citizenship.

Secretary Bayard Says the Government Ultimatum Has Not Been Issued.

THE CUTTING CASE.

Secretary Bayard is Firm in His Decision and Demands Cutting's Release.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 9.—Secretary Bayard, speaking to a special correspondent last night of the Cutting case, said he saw no reason why a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty should not be reached. He has been assured that such was the desire of the Mexican government. He seems to think the difficulties in the way have been created, not so much by the Mexicans, as by obliging friends in this country, who, in their efforts to embarrass the administration, have suggested to the Mexican authorities methods of opposition which perhaps they would not have thought of. The attitude of Mexico in the matter, it is claimed, has been greatly strengthened by the efforts of Blaine's friends to show that Bayard has acted with precipitancy and has been too exacting with Mexico. Mexico claims in Cutting's case, the right to try an American citizen for an offense committed in the United States and Cutting has been actually convicted and sentenced for publishing a libel in Texas. Secretary Bayard thinks this raises the gravest possible question between the two countries, and if Mexico's claims were once conceded, no American traveling in Mexico would be safe. The case, Mr. Bayard thinks, is too clear for equivocation and he has no idea of retreating from the position taken by the department weeks ago, when it demanded Cutting's release.

In both the fisheries and Mexican affairs, the state department has acted with great promptness and rigor and Mr. Bayard makes no concealment of his determination to insist upon full satisfaction in the Cutting affair, not so much for Cutting's sake, as because it involves the question whether American citizen in Mexico are to be protected in their rights.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9.—Secretary Bayard says that no ultimatum has been sent to Mexico. The only army orders in connection with the Mexican trouble came from the west last night, saying that local troops had been sent to disarm the revolutionists who had crossed into Texas.

CUTTING.

Cutting, the troublesome border editor, will soon be sent to Chihuahua. Companies of minute men have been organized at El Paso. It is said that a troop of the 8th United States cavalry, at Biggs barracks, has been ordered to disarm some Mexican revolutionists who crossed the Rio Grande on Thursday night.

No Tax, No Traffic.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 9.—As fore-shadowed, the city authorities Saturday stopped street car travel in an attempt to enforce payment of the delinquent license-tax on street cars. About sixty cars were stopped on five lines, and the drivers arrested. These lines are all the property of the Metropolitan Railway company, which recently bought out the Corrigan Consolidated company. The back tax in question—\$1,500—has not been paid and is contested by the new company. The case will be heard to-morrow. Meanwhile, the public is anxiously inquiring when traffic will be resumed. The mayor says the cars cannot start until the tax is paid. The street car company officials say the delay only increases the city's liabilities in the way of damages.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—Wheat, 24½c. lower and quiet; No. 2 red, 85c. Corn, 47½c. Oats, shade lower and very dull at 36½c.

CHICAGO MARKET.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—Wheat, stronger, at 74½c. Corn, steady at 42½c. Oats, firm, at 27½c.

Humphreys & Gerow have been awarded the contract to put a slate roof on the new St. Mary's Catholic church.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kind, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 Wall-st., N.Y. may22-daily

Ladies

Do you want a pure, blooming complexion? If so, a few applications of Hagan's MAGNOLIA BALM will gratify you to your heart's content. It does away with sallowness, Redness, Pimples, Blisters, and all diseases and imperfections of the skin. It overcomes the flushed appearance of heat, fatigue and excitement. It makes a lady of THIRTY appear but TWENTY; and so natural, gradual, and perfect are its effects, that it is impossible to detect its application.

A POSITIVE CURE
Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies.
No more tedious doses of rubric, or pills, or oil of turpentine, that are certain to produce dysentery, by destroying the vitality of the stomach.
Bougie is the only all-digestible and non-toxic remedy. For further particulars, send for circular.
J. C. ALLAN CO.,
25 John St., New York.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

TALKS ABOUT ETNA'S LITTLE MOUNTAIN AND BAVARIA'S KING.

Sicily and Her Elemental Tragedies—The Superstitious People of Madrid—The Late Wagner—Mad Monarch—The Fairy Prince of the Nineteenth Century.

(Special Correspondence.)

MILAN, July 3, 1880.—Etna, so long in agonized labor, has brought forth, not a mouse, but actually a little mountain, which the Italian Alpine club, in session at Catania, has solemnly christened *Monte Gennaro*. That great eruption, of exceptional length, volume and violence, was a horrible happening, sufficiently near to us to cause popular excitement, especially during the days and nights while Nicolosi, a town whose history is a series of destructions and reconstructions, was threatened with a final overwhelming, standing, as it were, at bay, with its awful enemy drawing slowly and steadily nigher and nigher. All watched at last with bated breath—some praying, some betting. Would the poor little city go under, or would it not? Devout Catholics had hope as soon as they heard that the bishop of Catania and a goodly number of priests had gone to the relief of the lava-beset town, bearing the veil of St. Agatha, which, it is said, once saved Catania when similarly menaced. Hoops of pious Sicilians believe that the shaking of that bit of muslin in the face of the fiery torrent arrested it, and delivered Nicolosi.

Nicolosi and other menaced towns have escaped this time, thanks to St. Agatha; but a multitude of the poor peasants of the region round about, driven from their ruined homes and vineyards, have lost all their worldly possessions, in some cases life, in many cases reason. The correspondent of one of the Milan evening journals gave particularly vivid and sensational descriptions of the grandeur and terrors of the eruption, and of the human tragedies attending it, so that for days we "supped on horrors."

Since Etna ceased from troubling, there has been the ghastly catastrophe of the sulphur mine of Sarno, in which hundreds of poor miners perished through explosions, or in the flames and suffocating fumes—the "fire and brimstone," which, made of those yellow caverns, seem to the poor wretches who did not die speedily, the very ante-chambers of hell. Sicily seems this year to be the scene of these elemental tragedies, as Spain was last year, and as India and Siam were a few years ago. Ah, we are so many and such restless creatures, we swarm soon the old earth, that it seems now and then to get impatient, and like some huge pachyderm animal to make a mud bolt, shake its skin and fling a lot of us off into the infinite void.

So many of these calamities have lately been visited upon Spain and its vicinity that the superstitious people of Madrid take them as solemn warnings, especially since their experience of a regular wild American cyclone, and are looking in pitiful alarm for the end of the world. It seems that, according to a tradition founded on a prophecy of old Nosstradamus, that untoward event should come off in the year when St. Mark's day falls on Easter Sunday, and that of St. George on Corpus Domini—all of which conjunctions occur in this year of our Lord. If there is really even to be such a day of conflagration and collapse as the Dies ire of prophets and poets, we may take it that the mightiest volcanic eruptions and earthquakes but faintly foreshadow its horrors. Still fainter reminders are they of the stupendous work of the Creator in forming and reforming and trans-

forming this round world of ours. Before time was, as we reckon it, the savage forces of nature had fought out on this planet their Titanic battles—the general war of lawless elements, which was to establish the general law of order. Then cavernous central depths yawned and drank in great seas; then tidal waves, that were like runaway seas, rushed from zone to zone and overswept continents; then mighty volcanic forces, fiery plowshares of God, cleft the granite crust of the earth and tossed up mountain ranges. All this we know, or think we do; but the thought of that troubled season of wild long years does not afflict us, for we know also that while these primordial convulsions endured, and the poor harassed globe struggled against, or by fire and flood, to establish hospitable, habitable conditions for "the coming man"—settling the scenes for the drama of human life—though tortured with and sea might groan and moan, there was no trembling mortal witness of the conflict and the uproar, no sentient victims of the blind fury of the elements.

It is after all the human part played in these tragedies of physical nature which gives them not a crowning horror, but a grandeur beyond all that imagination can give to chaotic shocks and throes, overcomings and subsidences. It is the sublimity of human voice. What unspeakable consternation must prevail in a volcanic region during a hard season of earthquakes. It is a nightmare of dreadful expectancy that the day never breaks upon—a shadow of misfortune and grief which no sun dissipates the homeliness of poor wretches whom heaven itself seems to have ejected.

But does the greater always contain the less, or even balance it in this life? To the world about us, the heaving and rumbling and lava vomiting of Etna were of small account compared with the outcries and spasms of the French republic, over the Portuguese marriage, and the expulsion of the Pretenders—and what were the beggaring, the distraction or destruction of a few hundred peasants—what were cyclones let loose on and damaging a few cities, to the bankruptcy and despair of a king, to the whirlwind of madness which at last burst on the royal house of Wittelsbach and bore away its head. The excitement here, over this last event, was for a little time universal, though naturally the Italian loves not over much the Tenthon, and certainly no event so ghastly, and at the same time so pathetic, has occurred among the royal folk of Europe since the death of the prince imperial. It is strange that it took this salacious, coupled with a probable homicide, to convince his subjects that the man just enthroned as a grand monarch, with imposing pomp and much fatality, was not fit to rule over the stupidest beer-drinking, beer-thinking Bavarian peasants. He ought to have been deposed and quietly disposed of in some aesthetic Wagnerian mad house years ago. Indeed, from late revelations it seems that he ought to have been deposed before he was posed on the throne, as he gave indications of madness in his very childhood, once undertaking to put to death his little brother Otto, whom he called his "vassal," for some act of disobedience. The French and Italian journalists charge his insanity and consequent death to Wagnerism. But surely poor Richard has enough to answer for, in the untimely taking off of promising voices, without being charged with regicide.

The king was not only Wagner mad, but a fanatic. Music and moonlight intoxicated him as no wine and women the ordinary run of princes. He worshipped the moon as devoutly as did the ancient Carthaginians. In one of his marvelous palace he had a large bedchamber three stories high, with a glazed roof, so that when lying awake for the poor fellow was a great sufferer from insomnia—he could, of a bright night, behold his adored

queen of heaven and her infinite starry court. There was something grand as well as weird in this arrangement. Happily, Louis II was utterly free from the follies of his grandfather or uncle, Louis I, also an art patron and a builder of grand palaces, but better known in history as the selfish lover of Lola Montez, and also free from the gross vices which precipitated and rendered hopeless the madness of his brother Otto, the present make-believe king. Louis is declared to have been, in personal purity, a Sir Galahad, "cold and virginal, with an absolute horror of grossness and immorality." He was one of God's innocents, rest his soul! The only woman whom he could tolerate, of late years, were artists, and they "y" as artists. The wives and coquettes of the prettiest and most charming of them were lost upon him, and if they attempted to take him by storm their defeat was disastrous.

It is related that one summer evening he honored a famous German prima donna by taking her for a solitary row on that tranquil and fatal lake of Starnberg. She sang for him an air from "Lohengrin" divinely. The king dropped the oars to the more intently, and so they floated in the moonlight by the shadowy, flowery shore. The singer, seeing that handsome, romantic and youthful monarch bending toward her, with tears of emotion in his eyes, mistook the emotion—saw, perhaps, diamonds in the tears—suddenly flung her arms lovingly round the royal neck, and thought she had him! But he instantly broke from her embrace, then lifting her high in his arms flung her into the lake, calmly commanding his servants, who were waiting on the shore, to "fish out the lady," adding that she had "seemed to be too warm."

Poor Louis was several times on the eve of marriage, but always lost. *romance* before coming in full view of the altar. Once it was a Russian princess, whose musical accomplishments captivated him. He hoped for a harmonious union—well-blessed of Wagner—but one day he left in the lady's hands a composition of his own, for her to study and be able to sing and play for him on his next visit. He called early the following day, all impatient for a pleasure so dear to an artist. The princess was not in her salon, but on the piano lay his song, rolled up and sealed with his royal seal, just as he had left it. He took it and his final leave, wounded to the heart as musician and monarch. Of "imagination all compact," King Louis was an executive poet, a practical idealist; he was that anachronism, a fairy prince in the nineteenth century. His extravagances and eccentricities were of the romantic and legendary sort; his costly hanging gardens; the unheard of luxury of his bedchambers; his throne of gold and precious stones; his fantastic coaches and sledges; his banquets that came up through the floor; his masked servitors. The Bavarians, who deified his madness, ascribed his "peculiarities" to a severe early training from which he wildly recoiled.

His mother, Maria of Prussia, a princess of strong mind and stronger will, insisted, they said, on his being educated with great simplicity and entire seclusion, without recreation, childish games or playmates. His father, Maximilian II, was commonplace enough, not a bit of a fairy prince. I saw him many years ago at Rome, when he was traveling for his health, under some transparent incognito. It was at a ball at the Doria palace. I remember him as a slight, pale, plain gentleman, who carried his head very erect and stiff, and did not on the whole look as though he found it particularly jolly to be a potentate. He was my first king, and I took that peculiar, stiff-necked bearing as the regular royal style, and not till since the tragical death of his son, when several family skeletons have come tumbling out of the

royal closet, did I know that a certain spinal malady, which caused the neck to give way and the head to lop about in a most uncomfortable manner, compelled the poor king to wear under his white cravat a close collar of iron or steel. It is not safe to judge from appearances, neither is it wise to envy anybody. Some months after meeting the king I saw him again in Munich, at the opera, the first night after his return from his travels. He was accompanied by his wife, and I remember that the two walked over from the new palace, followed by only one gentleman and one lady of their household. The opera in that primitive time and quiet capital began before 7 and ended before 10. The royal pair were openly cheerful, and seemed to like it. The queen was dressed very simply in white, with a rich red cape shawl on her shoulders—worn three-cornered fashion—and a red rose in her hair, for all ornament, no jewels; yet she looked very pretty, very happy and very proud, as she stood up with the king to acknowledge the acclamations of their subjects. I must confess I envied her—not exactly her ailing and stiff-necked husband, but her royal state, her beauty, her popularity, even her becoming red shawl—but for many years past who has envied poor ex-Queen Maria, widowed and with two mad sons? And now who can wonder that she finds the problem of her troubled life too hard and wants to give it up and go into a convent.

I suppose that the final and irrefragable proofs of the poor king's dementia are known to most readers of American journals. Some of them bore that touch of the ludicrous which marks so often the most tragic and pathetic cases of insanity—such as the clause added to his orders (given to his valet or barber), for the execution of his ministry, that the much offending minister of finance should first be put to torture. Another was for the massacre of the medical commission, with the clause that each of those scientific old gentlemen was to be first deprived of an eye, for having seen what he should not have seen. One of his attendants was only allowed to appear before him with a seal upon his forehead, "as the sign of an imprisoned brain." If all royal officials having confined and constricted brains should be compelled to thus decorate their brows—what a corner in sealing wax!

It is strange, the long suffering of loyalty. After years of wild extravagance and senseless prodigality, of misanthropic isolation and stupendous egotism, this man had plenty of subjects who loved him and blindly served him. Of course, most of those about him were mercenaries—living on his weakness and crazy bounty, like so many parasites swarming over a sick lion—but they were flunkies, as well, and really believed in his divine right to be "as mad as a March hare," should it so please his gracious majesty. After all, it was a question of money, not of national dignity or governmental decency. If the royal exchequer's debts—amounting to only 114,000,000 marks—could have been paid, he might have been reigning and raving yet. It is true there was a discussion in the secret session of the state commission over the act of recognizing as sovereign the other royal line. Some members were for setting him quite aside—as God had done—arguing that it was unworthy of a reasonable people to go on acknowledging fealty to madness; but the old sentiment of blind loyalty prevailed, and several grave old nobles waited on poor Prince Otto, and solemnly informed him that he was king of Bavaria. As when he first found himself sequestered, he had, with a flash of divination, exclaimed: "Why do you shut me up? My brother is far more mad than I!" so now, after twenty years, he had an inspiration of reason, for he said: "Then we must cut down the money." That was all. He took up again the faded thread of his normal life and went on with his madness, while those self-styled old gentlemen rose from their knees and backed out of the presence.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body. "Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." Mrs. G. E. Simmons, Cohoes, N. Y. "I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." Mrs. M. J. Davis, Buckport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by these peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence. "Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. Thompson, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass. "Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." C. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.
Call at our store and get free sample. Bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. The most successful cough and lung remedy ever sold. YOU WILL see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Large size 50 cts. and \$1.
KEMP'S BALSAM FREE.

Respectfully,
DREIER & BRO.

DR. T. J. DILLS
Has his office at his residence
NO. 108 EAST BERRY STREET,
Where he will give exclusive attention to all
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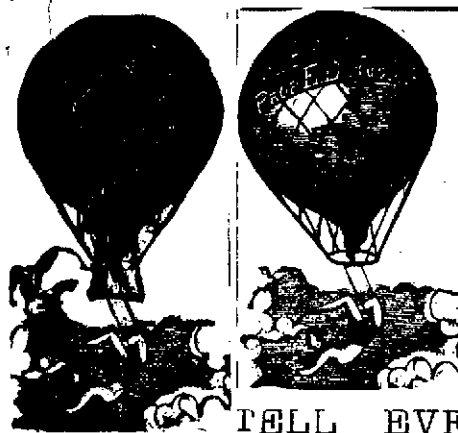
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hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.



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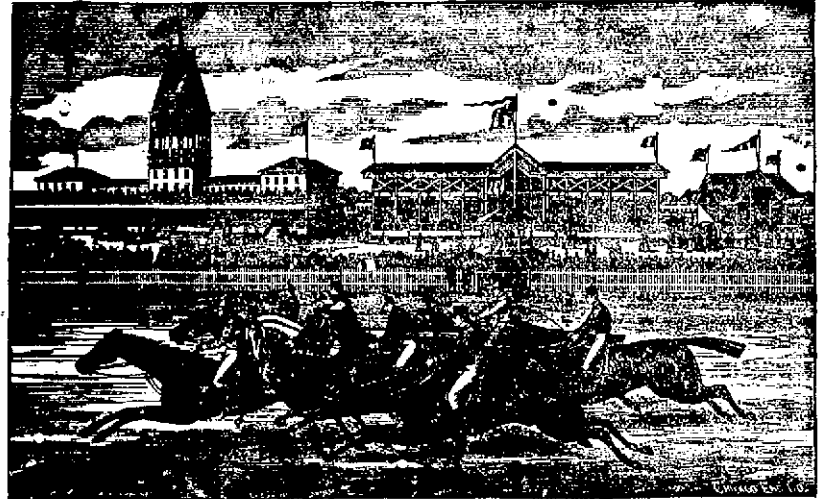
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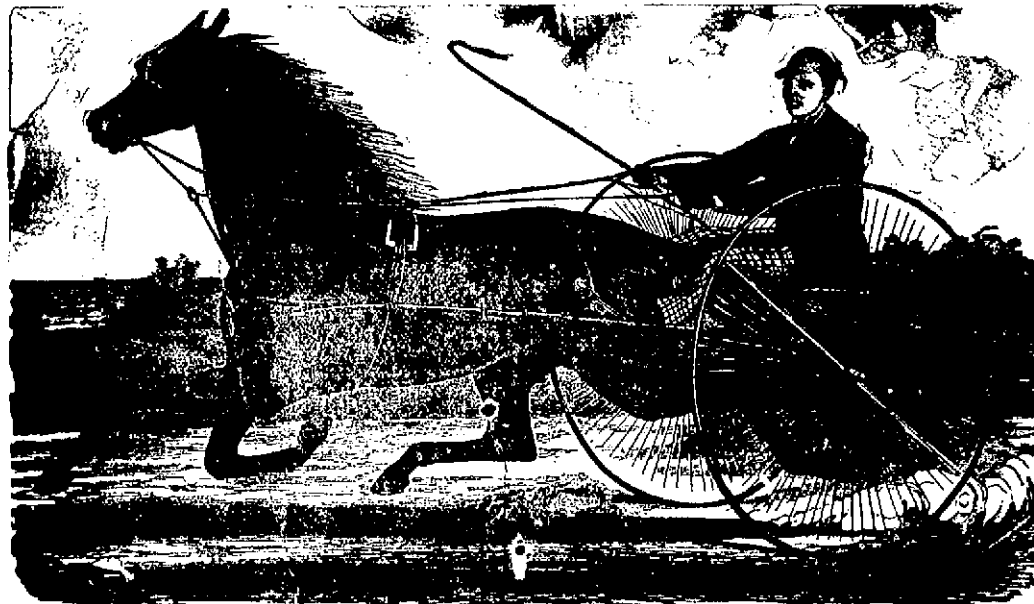
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BALLOON RACE IN THE SKY!

Something Never Seen Before in Indiana.



In the Largest Circuit in the World!



The same horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, other live stock and machinery that will be found at the Ohio State Fair, the Indiana State Fair and the Great St. Louis Fair will be found at the Tri-State Fair at Ft. Wayne Sept. 14, 15, 16 and 17.

COME EVERYBODY!

Come in Wagons, Come on Horseback, Come Walking, Come Running, Only so you get to see the BIG FAIR.

Come on the Railroad. Fare, Only One Cent a Mile



ADMISSION ONLY 125 CENTS; CHILDREN 62 1/2 CENTS

SALE OF CHILDRENS AND MISSES WRAPS

At About Half Price.

We have made a very advantageous purchase of an assorted lot of

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SIZES—4 to 12 Years.

We shall offer the entire lot at a fraction more than half cost of manufacture.

- 4 Years - - \$1.25 Each.
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These are just the garments to have in hand now, a most useful one for these cool evenings and early fall wear.

These will be found in our

Popular Cloak Department

—ON—

FIRST FLOOR.
ROOT & COMPANY.

Pyke's Grocery,
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Virginia Jams, finest in the market.
Plum Puddings with Sauce.
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Baked Sweet Potatoes Canned.
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Pine Apple Shredded, something new.
Gotha Truffle Sausage.
Chipped Beef in Cans.
White Port Wine, strictly pure.
G. H. Munroe Extra Dry Champagne.
Virginia Jellies, warranted pure.
Aug. 15-17

If you wish to visit Indianapolis or attend the democratic state convention August 11, get your tickets via the Muncie route August 9, 10 or 11. Fare for the round trip only \$3. 5-5t

NONAMAKER Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.
I sell reliable goods, and offer inducements to all in search of such goods. I will pay you to examine my stock. New work made to order, and repairing done.
26-46wlm No. 5 Keystone Block.

Do not forget the St. John Lutheran excursion August 12. wca-a11

The new Park house, 23 and 24 West Berry street is fast filling up. Secure your meal tickets soon. Try it. 4-6t J. P. CHILDS, Prop.

\$1 to Kendallville and return on account of the Democratic Convention August 12. 7-3t

Everybody and the Jeffersonians are going to Indianapolis via the Muncie, August 10, as the fare is only \$3 for the round trip. 5-5t

Excursion to Rome City.

The St. John's Lutheran church will give an excursion to Rome City, August 12, for the benefit of the church. w-a11

H. N. GOODWIN
Dry Goods, Notions, Gents' Furnishing Goods.
YARNS and ZEPHYRS.
Clothing out French Ladies' Cut Paper Patterns at 5c Each.
Agent for Troy Steam Laundry.
No. 126-BROADWAY.

H. N. GOODWIN,
GROCERIES, FRUITS and VEGETABLES.
Agent for Coal, Wood and Kinsling.
Now leave orders for coal.
124 BROADWAY - - FORT WAYNE.

No. 6, 178 on Deck

Jacob Minnich, of Hongland, Marion township, Allen county, Ind., the lucky man. He takes the

BINDER AND HARVESTER.

Know all men by these presents, that I, Jacob Minnich, held ticket No. 6, 178, which number was the Deering All-Steel Binder and Harvester, valued at \$300.00. This superb agricultural machine was delivered to me by Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max, the Popular Clothiers, this day, July 7, 1886.

[Signed] JACOB MINNICH, Hongland, Allen county, Marion township, Indiana.

Messrs. Sam, Pete & Max wish to inform the public that the GENERAL DRAWING does not close until August 1st, and they are showing the

ONLY ENTIRE NEW STOCK

of Summer and Early Fall Clothing in the city at prices below all competition.

Sam, Pete & Max.

Daily Sentinel

MONDAY, AUG. 9, 1886.

THE CITY.

Judge Allan Zollars went to Indianapolis this morning.

Wood thieves have been raiding the wood houses in the west end.

The Misses Jessie and Mattie Scott, of Montgomery street, are guests of their uncle at Toledo.

Mr. J. K. McCracken was in the city over Sunday. He says he is pleased with the west and his business there.

Mr. Jim Carrigan, a former Fort Wayne boy, has returned from Mansfield, Ohio, and taken a place in the Pittsburg shop.

The Pittsburg and Fort Wayne road carried 3,430 tons of coal east from Chicago last week, while the Nickel Plate carried 2,393 tons.

The Pennsylvania coal circular for August advances prices above June 5 cents per ton for grate and stove, and nothing for other sizes.

Dr. George Stamen has returned from Kansas City and has charge of his father's extensive practice while the latter is in camp with the Knights Templar at Warsaw.

The Jeffersonian club will meet again this evening and arrange to go to Indianapolis on Bob Smith's special train tomorrow. This will be the greatest feature of the state convention.

The employees of the Pittsburg shops worked thirteen hours per day last week. Many new men have been employed and the business of the shop has not been so heavy for several months as it is at present.

The city was oppressively quiet yesterday and the saloons and beer gardens did no business. Most of the liquor houses were closed and the streets were deserted. The law and order league has reason to rejoice at this state of affairs.

City Clerk Rockhill was at Cape May last week and Clara Belle, in a letter to the Cincinnati Enquirer, says: "We are having a delicious time auctioning off our daughters here to the highest bidder. I think there must be at least two thousand pretty misses on the auction block."

The rival democratic factions in Lagrange county held their county conventions Saturday and nominated two sets of officers. This is harmless past time, as the county is overwhelmingly republican. The factions send two sets of delegates to the state convention and then in the proper time to sit down on the political warfare up there.

A street car horse broke from the Wallace street car at Main street, last evening, and with the iron singletree dangling on his feet dashed up Calhoun street to the barn. While this runaway was amusing loungers, a horse attached to a buckboard flew west on Washington street, and there were a half dozen other flights but no person was hurt.

Two complaints for damages, aggregating \$20,000 have been filed at Marion, growing out of the recent bridge disaster of the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City railroad at Bluffton, which was detailed in THE SENTINEL local columns. Both suits are for \$10,000. The first is brought by Isoline, widow and executrix of John A. Spille, the dead engineer. Carelessness and negligence on the part of the company and the rottenness of the bridge are alleged. In the second suit, Thomas Williams, administrator of the estate of Carlos B. Williams, deceased, is plaintiff. The same grounds and allegations are set forth in the first. It was discovered that Joe Bryant as the foreman of the bridge,

Col. S. B. Sweet and family are rusticated at Warsaw.

To-morrow is pay day at the Murray and Bass foundries.

Herman Raab paid a fine for being drunk Saturday night.

Frank Wells, a step-son of I. Fisher, left for the west to-day.

Hon. T. P. Keator lectures at Chubbucos next Thursday.

The bicycle club had a run out on the Leo road yesterday afternoon.

The Academy of Medicine meets to-night at Dr. G. W. McCaskey's office.

Fred Gross was arrested for a spree. He took the pledge and the mayor let him go.

Mr. Wm. Hahn, of the Boston store, returned last evening from an extensive eastern trip.

Geo. W. Maxwell sues James B. Shoaff for \$300. F. B. Colerick is counsel for the plaintiff.

Weather indications for Indiana to-day are: Local rains, nearly stationary temperature.

The young men's sodality of the cathedral will make an excursion to Rome City to-morrow.

There is a low place in the gutter in front of H. G. Wagner's drug store where horses stand and splash filthy water on passers by.

The executive committee of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. are urgently requested to meet this evening at 7:30 in the rooms of the association.

Charles Nettlehorst and Ellen Rinehart, Henry Benz and Lizzie Balge, John Romick and Mary L. Crawford have been licensed to wed.

Cottage meeting will be held at the audience room of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. to-morrow evening at the usual hour. The gathering is open to both sexes.

Wm. Durfee now wears the Allen county gun club championship badge. He won it Friday, breaking twenty-two Peoria blackbirds out of a possible twenty-five.

L. J. Bobilyn is twenty-nine years old to-day and John Porter presented his pleasant business partner with a silk tie. Mr. Bobilyn is congratulated all around.

The annual excursion of the young people of the cathedral to Rome City is to-morrow, and the affair will surpass former ones in pleasure. There will be a very large attendance.

Dr. J. M. Dimmen was summoned to Durfee, Ind., by Robert Rhomic, who had one of his legs sawed off, and the case necessitates a surgeon's skill. The particulars of the accident are not at hand.

Hon. Wm. Fleming, Hon. R. C. Bell, Hon. C. A. Munson, Hon. Montgomery Hamilton, Hon. Fred J. Hayden, Mr. Henry Colerick, Mr. T. E. Ellison, Dr. T. J. Dills and others, went to Indianapolis to-day.

Two cows walked into a deep alloy sewer off of Lafayette street Saturday night and it was almost noon yesterday when the beasts were lifted out. One of the cows will die. They belonged to Mr. Weideman.

Building permits have been granted to Catherine Laner to erect a one-story frame house on Hanna's outfit No. 3, to cost \$820, and to Fred Vedde, to build a one-story frame house on lot 30, College addition, to cost \$500.

T. Stewart, of the Boston Store, and wife leave to-day for the sea shore to recreate. Mr. S. will also spend a couple of weeks in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, before his return, purchasing fall goods for the store.

The Platt Deutsche Fritz Reuter Verein will have a great excursion to Rome City, and the features of amusement are innumerable. These jolly, good people want the wheels of government and everything else to stop when they have a picnic.

Jim Dally was about the town Saturday exhibiting a pet snake coiled about his neck. The reptile frightened a few women into hysterics, and so disgusting was the trick that the police looked daily up. He was sent to jail this morning and will not think he had such rare sport. The snake was the property of young Wagner, of Main street, who has the ugly reptile charmed.

Mayor Muhler, Street Commissioner O'Brien and Councilman Michael returned Sunday morning from St. Louis. They visited Deatur and Springfield, Ill., besides St. Louis and closely examined the street pavements. They got into Deatur on the track of a cyclone and tell us they do not like the brick pavements in use there. Mostly all cities are using granite stone for street paving purposes. Fort Wayne will have to be modest yet awhile.

Mrs. Dellar and Mrs. Dennis found a little child wandering about East Columbia street, last evening, and plucked it up. Sheriff Nelson now has the little girl, but cannot find its mother. The child is about four years of age and not very large. It cannot talk much, but manages to say its mamma is away off. The wife is sickly and will be sent to the county house when it is turned back to health by Mr. Nelson's family. It was discovered that Joe Bryant as the foreman of the bridge,

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hunter are at Petoskey.

Dr. Fiser, who has been ill, is able to be out again.

Mr. John D. Olds and family are at Bay View, Wis.

Mr. O. E. Mohler, editor of the Huntington Herald, is in the city.

Editor Baker, of the Columbia City Commercial, was in the city to-day.

The Miami club will have a special car on Bob Smith's excursion to-morrow.

Brother Page, of the News, and his family, returned home to-day from Rome City.

Master Mechanic J. B. Barnes made a careful inspection of the Wabash shop this morning.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger preached a very sensible sermon to young men at the cathedral yesterday.

The Wabash earnings for the fourth week of July increased \$122,000, and for the month increased \$321,000.

The Indianapolis Journal prints a telegram from Fort Wayne strongly urging Hon. T. P. Keator for congress.

"Mrs. William H. Drier and two daughters, of Fort Wayne, are visiting Mrs. M. D. Fansler," says the Logansport Pharos.

Mr. Adnah Hall and daughter Grace, of Bluffton, are in the city. Mr. Hall says the prospects are not very good for gas or oil.

Deputy Sheriff Clausmeyer shot a paralyzed dog that lay for two days on the river bank, near Baker's saw mill, without food or water.

Geo. Stevens, superintendent of the eastern division of the Wabash, is enjoying a good rest at St. Clair Springs, which are becoming quite famous as a pleasure resort.

The Wabash shops were closed this afternoon out of respect to Mrs. Noah Granger, whose funeral took place at 2:30 o'clock. The Wabash employes marched in the procession.

An item in Saturday's SENTINEL did Mr. Miller an injustice, as Mr. Hayden now claims it was not the business manager but the president of the Journal company that approached him.

The councilmen have signed an agreement to postpone the regular meeting until Thursday night, instead of to-morrow night. Mayor Muhler will go to the democratic state convention at Indianapolis.

Notwithstanding the Wabash road has really passed into the control of the purchasing committee, many formalities have yet to be arranged before the line can be decided to its successor, whoever it may be.

The next annual meeting of the Lutheran synod of this district, comprising the states of Ohio and Indiana, will be held in Fort Wayne. The date is about August 1, 1887, and the synod just closing at Cleveland so decided.

The fair association are not fighting the reunion as some suppose. They are working day and night to get a crowd for the fair. All they ask of the reunion folks is to give a good exhibition and have what they advertise, so the crowd can be induced to come back to the fair.

Mrs. Mamie Woodward and Jennie Dickson had a fight on Columbia street, Saturday night. Officer Hambrecht arrested the women and the mayor imposed a fine this morning. Jennie Dickson, who is a coon, paid, while Mrs. Woodward went to jail to await the arrival of a boodle.

Miss Anna Payne died last evening at the home of her brother Mr. John H. Payne, after a brief illness. Miss Payne was a most prominent teacher in the Harmer street public school and taught a class in the First Presbyterian Sunday school. She was a bright young lady and her rare accomplishments and christian virtues endeared her so much to a wide circle of friends, that this announcement to them will cause most profound sorrow. Miss Payne will be buried from her brother's residence, 217 West Jefferson street, to-morrow afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Hon. R. C. Bell says he will not permit his name to go before the democratic state convention as a candidate for lieutenant governor, if in any way interfered with the nomination of Col. C. A. Munson. Mr. Bell feels that if the state party leaders want him to head the ticket he will do so, but not without an understanding that Mr. Munson is also nominated. At Muncie, Mr. Bell's old home, the delegates were instructed for him, and elsewhere in the state he has received telegraphic information of a boom for him.

Hon. Robert Lowry arrived home from Washington yesterday afternoon at 4:50 on the Pittsburg limited. He was met at the depot by a few personal friends and after an exchange of courtesies drove immediately to his home. The judge is the picture of health, although the hard work of this session of congress tells on him. The judge will remain here until the next session of congress, and has established his office at the corner of Berry and Harrison streets. He expects to attend the democratic state convention and will go to Indianapolis this evening.

A GOSSIPY LETTER.

Mr. John Mohr, Jr., Pens the Sentinel a Readable Letter.

CHICOUTIMI, P. O., Aug. 6, 1886.

To the Editor of THE SENTINEL.

By the date of this you will see that we have arrived at Chicoutimi, P. O., and I regret to add in the language of the Hon. Bardwell Sloc, that we are to depart "p. d. q.," being scheduled for 500 miles of navigation in two days. This point is at the northern limit of the steamer cruising on the Saguenay river through which we grope our way to the St. Lawrence to-day. The dark waters of this styx-like stream flow through a bottomless chasm among rocks and mountains of appalling height, and impress the beholder with awe—almost with uneasiness; and we shall issue from its shadowy and threatening cliffs with more relief than regret.

Traveling in the queen's dominions has revealed to me an unmistakable feeling among Canadians in favor of annexation to the United States. The people have hitherto looked upon the growing nation in their neighborhood without partaking of the advancement which is so striking across the border, and have contented themselves with a quiet existence and a faithful allegiance to the crown. But the active spirit and enviable progress of their contiguous rivals have at length opened the eyes and aroused the latent vigor of the Canadians, and they are throwing off their easy habits and plunging into the building of great railroad lines and other commercial enterprises with true American energy. The Canadian, Pacific and Intercolonial are already under way and new lines contemplated. A line from Winnipeg to the Hudson Bay for discharging the products of the great west and receiving foreign necessities with less delay, is more than a probability, while short lines into the recesses of every province are daily coming into realities. Under such circumstances the closest communion with the states is desirable, and is rapidly engendering a disposition to unite. The government, having observed the drift of public sentiment, is bestirring itself with every device to retain the fealty of the Canadians, and is casting many a sop to the discontented Cerebrus of North America in a patronizing spirit, and it loses no opportunity of rousing the lagging patriotism of its apathetic dependents by every device at command. The lion and unicorn are displayed in their most rampant of rampant attitudes on every public building. At every town entrance and in all prominent dining halls in the dominion, the stately strains of "God Save the Queen" sing patriotism to every concourse whether assembled in the theatre or street. An instance of the kind occurred to us on our entrance into the dominion at Toronto. We had been driven off deck by a smart shower, but as we neared the city the clouds broke up, the warm rays of the sun broke in, and the passengers broke out, grouping themselves about the deck in the full felicity of animated contentment. That was the right time and place, and the band struck up the national strain. It really was inspiring; the crowd hummed the tune, and my friend Fox, infected with the pervading sentiment, inflated his lungs and sent his voice floating over the placid waters of Lake Ontario in the American version of the anthem—the "Braunschweiger Liederwurst."

The ride down the St. Lawrence affords many interesting sights to the lover of nature or history, chiefly, however, the famous city of Quebec. We swept into the harbor Tuesday at sunrise. The keen morning air came up the river with the piercing frigidities of a manitoba wave, but the eagerness of ourselves and companions could not be repressed by any conditions, and we were all out on deck in winter apparel looking up at the renowned heights of Abraham, and scanning a long string of houses that straggled along the base of the frowning bluff, where we moved at length amid a buzz of comment from which I recall the remarks of a gentleman of the green cloth. "Well, I don't blame Wolfe for taking a bluff like that."

The trade of Quebec departed long ago, and left a quiet, quaint town of the eighteenth century stranded along the hillside with no hope of ever moving away or reviving. The houses are so old that they need roofing or painting or rebuilding. The narrow and crooked streets are deserted. The shopkeeper sits in his door unemployed and quiet is the place as a church yard, except when the cabrio drivers decry a tourist, when there is a jabbering in French and a onslaught that would unsettle the firm soul of Gen. Wolfe himself.

We retrace our trip homeward to-day, where we shall probably meet our friends next Wednesday.

JOHN MOHR, JR.

"For economy and comfort, every string, we use Hood's Sarsaparilla," writes a Buffalo, N. Y., lady. 100 doses \$1.

Just received, another lot of fine Parrots, Mocking Birds and Parrot Cages. Also the best Mocking Bird food in the world to sell at 40c per pound. 424-415

Max G. Lade, No. 55 East Main Street.

Baking Powder Tramps.

The danger to the public health from the indiscriminate use of the many line and alum baking powders of commerce has been so fully exposed that every body desires to avoid them. As "forewarned is forearmed," housekeepers will thank us for apprising them of the special efforts at present being made to dispose of such powders in this vicinity.

The proprietors of some of the worst of these powders are now going from house to house, trying by means of a trick, or so called test, with heat and water, to show that their article is as good as the Royal Baking Powder, making the comparison with this brand because everybody recognizes it to be absolutely pure and wholesome, the object, of course, being to supply their own goods in place of the Royal, which housekeepers have for so many years relied upon to put up the morning biscuit and to make the light, palatable, and wholesome roll, cake and pastry for which it is famous.

The housekeeper will do well to be on her guard against these baking powder tramps. Every intelligent person knows that any goods peddled from house to house in this manner, or that are given away in samples, or sought to be introduced by secretly traducing the character of other goods well known to be pure and reliable, have no merits of their own and have failed to find purchasers through legitimate means.

We are informed, as a matter of fact, that one of these tramps is trying to introduce a powder that has been found by the government chemist to be 11.85 per cent lime, while the other peddles a powder that is 20 per cent. alum—one a powerful caustic, the other a corrosive poison.

No such tricks or jugglery will be apt to deceive any intelligent person. The housekeeper who has used her Royal Baking Powder ever since she discarded cream of tartar and soda, knows more about its qualities than all the tramps in the country can teach her. The crucial test to which she has put the Royal Baking Powder—the test of actual and successful work in the preparation of pure and wholesome food, under which it has never failed—is entirely satisfactory to her. She has always had "good luck," with it in making light, sweet and delicious bread, biscuit and cake, and has placed it to stay, at the head of her housekeeping favorites. She knows that it has been officially approved by the government chemists as the best, and we imagine that the baking powder tramp who attempts to supplant its place in her confidence will find this a bad year for his business.

Miss Lydia Sneller, of New Haven, is the guest of the Misses Mouning, of East Wayne street.

Harvest Excursion to the West.

Excursion tickets to all land points in Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Texas, Minnesota and Dakota, will be sold by the Pennsylvania line, west of Pittsburg on August 17th, September 7th and 21st. The rate will not be more than one fare for the round trip. Residents of the interior states have never had a better opportunity to visit the grain and grazing lands of the Southwest, West or Northwest. For full information call upon or address any Passenger or Ticket Agent of the Pennsylvania Company; Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway Company, or Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburg railroad Co. 9-42t-w4w

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS.

Our Lucky List Since June 1st.

Charles J. Loneragan, 198 Hannastreet, was presented with a plow (the celebrated Oliver) valued at \$18.00.
Jacob Minnich, of Marion township, was presented with the Deering Reaper and Binder, valued at \$300.
Edward Barve, Cedar Creek, Ind.
Frank Lanier, Sheldon, Ind.
Aug. Miller, Monroeville, Ind.
J. Williams, 99 Calhoun St.
Omas. T. Geary, 108 Barr St.
H. Klotz, 561 Lafayette St.
M. Moody, Lafayette P. O., Ind.
Geo. Muhn, Cedar Creek, Ind.
Frank Pulver, Perry Tp.
G. Raybouser, Broadway and Washington St.
A. Heller, Whitely Co.
Peter Malone, 171 Broadway.
Jno. Watorhouse, 56 Barr street.
Chris. Bruus, 152 Wallace street.
Were each presented with a Barrel of fine Flour.
Hon. Peter Kiser.
Hugh Tansey, 234 Webster St.
W. H. Kelsey, 22 Harrison St.
Ed Nestle, South Hanna St.
Fred Cook, 19 West Berry St.
S. Hilderbrand, St. Joe Road.
Jno. C. Decker, Abbot Tp.
Jno. Geiseking, El River Tp.
Geo. Federspiel, New Haven, Ind.
Louis Carey, 16 Hough street.
Jno. Harsch, 146 Maumee road.
George Wilhelm, cor Short and Putnam streets.
Mrs. Susan Rehnem, 64 W. Wayne St.
Were each presented with a fine silver watch by SAM, PETE & MAX, The Boss Clothiers.

A special train will leave the north depot Tuesday, August 10, at 8:30 a. m., for Indianapolis, running through without change of cars. Only \$3 for the round trip tickets, good for return until August 15. 5-5t

Fresh Shipment Delaware Peach.

Cholop. Peaches per basket, 40c.
Concord Grapes, 5c quart.
Dumpling Plums, 5c quart.
Whitethornes, 5c quart.
California Grapes, 25c per pound.
Nutmeg melons 5c each.
Fruit House.